Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe inuite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courſing my ſelfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile a foule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kills mee, I a ſheepe: well proued againe a my ſide. I will not loue; if I doe hang mee: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallichollie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the foole ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne, ſweeter Foole, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He ſtands aſide. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweet a kiſſe the golden Sunne giues not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops vpon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames, when their freſh rayſe haue ſmot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor ſhines the ſiluer Moone one halfe ſo bright,
Through the tranſparant boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhow:

But doe not loue thy ſelfe, then thou wilt keep
My teares for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weepe
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doſt thou ex
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortal
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the p
Sweet leaues ſhade folly. Who is he comes hee

Enter Longauile. *The*

What *Longauill*, and reading: liſten eare.

Ber. Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole

Long. Ay me, I am forſworne.

Ber. Why, he comes in like a periure, wear

Long. In loue I hope, ſweet fellowſhip in ſ

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the na

Lon. Am I the firſt, that haue beene periur

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by tw
Thou makeſt the triumphery, the corner cap-
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp ſ

Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborn lines lack powe
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue,
Theſe numbers will I teare, and write in proſe

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupid*,
Diſſigure not his Shop.

Lon. This ſame ſhall goe.

He reades the Sonnet.

Did not the heauenly Rhetorick of
Gainſt whom the world cannot
Perſwade my heart to this falſe perin
Vowes for thee broke deſerues not pu
A woman I forſwore, but I will prou
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore n
My vow was earthly, thou a heauen
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſg
Vowes are but breath, and breath a
Then thou faire Sun, which on my e
Exhaleſt this vapor-vow, in thee it i
If broken, then it is no fault of mine
If by me broke, what foole is not ſo w
To loſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?